UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Wanted: A Great Man

By FRANK CARLETON DOAN

Items from a Traveler's Note-book

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Berlin Notes

By SYDNEY STRONG

The Periscope

By EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD

VOLUME XCI NUMBER 3

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

UNITY Fellowship

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XCI THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1923 NUMBER 3

"O, SAY, CAN YOU SEE?"*

I wandered wearily across the world
  Searching for men whose beating hearts could spell
Truth, Courage, Faith, and Brotherhood and Peace:
  I found them in a felon's aching cell!

I found them in America's bastile
  Chained, tortured, starved, defiled,—all but forgot;
I found them broken on the prison wheel
  Still dreaming dreams of what their land is not!

Jerusalem and Babylon and Tyre
  Egypt and Rome and even glorious Greece
Perished in tyrant dust because the fire
  Of Brotherhood was quenched by affluent ease.

America! your crowded dungeons' shame
  Echoes across the barren sorrowing earth,—
And men who once revered your shining name
  Now utter it in scornful stinging mirth!

Sons of a great tradition, are you blind—
  Here where Hope's martyrs die under your eyes? . . .
Open your dungeons and your cringing mind,—
  Or hold your peace beneath your iron skies!

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

President Harding seemed serenely unconcerned by the failure of his proposal that the United States become a party to the League of Nations Court. But why should he have been concerned? His suggestion admirably accomplished its purpose, which, as we pointed out last week, was only that of turning public thought and discussion from Senator Borah's thorough-going program for the substitution of law for war. Now the President can enjoy his Florida holiday with the tender memory that he has not only failed to produce any foreign policy of his own, but has done his utmost to destroy the policies of the only man in Washington since the days of Woodrow Wilson who has ideas on European and world affairs. But let him enjoy his vacation while he can, for his utmost is all too little to accomplish anything but a record of jealous petulancy against the statesmanship of William E. Borah. Let it be repeated that the Senator from Idaho has a program that *means business*. It breaks for good and all the vicious circle of quibbles, compromises, evasions, subterfuges in which men have been walking futilely round and round in their endeavors to get rid of war and establish peace on earth. It insists that men consent to do what they know they've *got* to do if fighting is ever to be stopped —namely, agree in international as in national affairs to submit *all* disputes not to arbitration or conciliation but to settlement by a court, under terms of law duly codified and published. The Harding proposal does nothing of this kind, for the League of Nations court, like the earlier Hague courts, has no original or absolute jurisdiction; and, even if it did have such jurisdiction, it has no law under which to function. The world, in other words, still remains lawless, and, as William Hard has said so effectively, "There is no path through a lawless world to a warless world." Mr. Borah would organize the world under law, and create the machinery for the operations of this law. He shows for the first time the one way out! It is his program, therefore, and none other that calls for attention.

*To the victims of American apathy and cruelty still confined in Leavenworth Penitentiary under the Espionage Act.

Slowly yet surely the decent as well as humane opinion of America is finding expression. Now come fifty bishops of the Protestant Episcopal church asking President Harding to release all "political prisoners" now serving sentences under the long ago repealed espionage law. These bishops are acting under the leadership of Bishop Charles H. Brent, formerly chief of the chaplain service, A. E. F. Bishop Brent urges the release of these men on the grounds that the nations with whom we were associated in the war promptly granted amnesty to their "political prisoners," that these men were convicted solely on the ground of expression of opinion, that it is a fitting moment to grant them unconditional amnesty as an act of delayed justice, and that such a course would meet with the unqualified opinion of the vast majority of our citizens. It is a source of pleasure to UNITY to remember that it has advocated such a course as is now supported by these fifty bishops from the days immediately following the Armistice, and also to remember that it has insisted from the first that these men were convicted not because they had been guilty of any act but only because they differed in opinion from the majority of their countrymen. If they were guilty of disloyalty, then so were those leaders of New England who opposed the war of 1812, and Henry Clay who came out of his retirement to utter ringing words of denunciation against the Mexican War. And so was Abraham Lincoln, who resisted this same Mexican War to the limit! These "political prisoners" may have been as mistaken as you please in their op-

position to the war against Germany; but never at any time were they doing anything other than exercising the inalienable right of Americans to oppose the government, by peaceable and legitimate means, if they so desire.

Poor Ireland! The heart of every lover of the Irish people sinks lower and lower as he watches the noblest and the best of that unhappy people engaged in the sordid business of civil war. On neither side of the suicidal struggle does there seem to be even the slightest evidence of the possession of either sanity of mind or spiritual vision. The Republicans seemingly have lost every shred of their idealism and are vainly trying by force to compel a majority of the people to obey their will. The Free State leaders on the other hand have substituted bombs, machine guns, the firing line and the brutal power of the majority, for patience, kindliness and sympathy. Surely they should have learned in the last five years that reprisals only react on those who used them. England's harsh treatment of the survivors of the Easter rebellion in no wise strengthened her power in Ireland. Abstractly and legally perhaps the rebels were entitled to short shrift. That is what they got! But it weakened the English rule. The temptation to the Free State government is undoubtedly great. "No more amnesty" and "a fight to the finish" may win. But it will be at a terrible cost to Ireland. Besides, you can kill men with guns, but never an idea!

The "Message from Bulgaria," which came to UNITY through David Starr Jordan, called attention to our very bad habit of generalization in reference to nations and to peoples. It is a matter that needs to be emphasized again and again. These generalizations are not only a cover for shoddy and sloppy thinking, but are cruel and vicious in their results. Every day we hear senseless remarks about the Jews and the Negroes, that are only to be explained on the ground that the makers of them are too lazy to recognize the qualifications which they really know ought to be made. But, once made, these remarks add to the general stock of unenlightened opinion about both these peoples. Sweeping assertions are made continually, by persons who are supposed to be educated, about the Germans that a little reflection would lead any school boy to realize could not possibly be true. The daily press is giving us the impression that the entire population of France is supporting the present policy of the government in regard to the Ruhr. And those who are condemning the policy of the present government in France easily fall into the habit of wholesale denunciation of the French people. When Count Okuma was making his heroic efforts to arouse the democratic peace-loving elements among the Japanese people, we heard the actions of those who obviously did not represent all of the people, referred to as the actions of Japan. It is important to distinguish between governments and peoples. It is also just as important, yes, even more important, to remember that all the people of a so-called race or nation cannot be included in any one category. All Negroes are not black. All Frenchmen do not eat frogs. All Englishmen are not beef-eaters. All Jews are not millionaires. When we stop this utterly unfair business of indicting whole nations of peoples and begin to do some honest thinking such as we would like to have applied to ourselves, we will be doing something toward helping mankind out of the present chaos.

Good for Syracuse University! Here at last is one institution of learning in America which is not afraid of the Jewish bugaboo, and proposes to have nothing to do with the idea of race discrimination. Syracuse, we are told, has a twenty per cent ratio of its students Jews. The Senior Council, imitating in true monkey fashion the anti-Semitic prejudices of its elders these days, voted to recommend restrictions on the entrance of Jewish students into the University. Instantly Chancellor Flint repudiated the action of the Council, announced that racial discrimination would not be tolerated by the authorities, and summoned the members of the Council to appear before him to give reasons for their absurd and outrageous action. Here is a man, let us say, after our own heart! This is our idea of a real, honest-to-goodness, one hundred per cent American! In these sultry days of quibbling, evasion, compromise, downright dishonesty and hypocrisy on race questions, it is an everlasting relief to find at last a college official who clears the air by standing faithfully by the elementary principle of democracy and religion that

A man's a man, for a' that.

Furthermore, Chancellor Flint gives the country a valuable lesson in method — that the time to act is at once, that the sparks must be stamped out while they are smouldering and before they have kindled into a blaze. We hope that this excellent example may promptly register its effects in the college world which is being so disgraced these days by mean and cowardly leadership—that it will show President Butler, of Columbia, the kind of man he is, that especially it will bring President Lowell, of Harvard, to the shame and ignominy which should be his appointed fate. Incidentally we have firm belief that this action of Syracuse will receive the enthusiastic endorsement of the public, and make it the most popular of universities among Gentiles as well as Jews. We have confidence in the American people, and believe therefore that they will always rally to the support of sincerity and courage.

Einstein, the author of the theory of relativity, has some interesting comments to make on our modern educational system. He says, for example, that examinations ought to be abolished, since memory, to which we attach more importance than to anything else, is a vastly over-rated faculty. He has no reverence for prodigies of learning, and thinks that clear-headedness and individual thinking are of more importance than all knowledge. Furthermore, he would have every boy in school learn a trade. All this reminds us of what Thorold Rogers said almost a half century ago in speaking of conditions in London. "It is not so ignorant nor so unclean as it was twenty years ago," he said, "though, as usual, the pedantry of the Education Department, in driving all children through a rigid examination, produces a distate afterwards for books and learning, which makes the standard of proficiency a barrier towards subsequent study and learning, which is nearly as insurmountable as ignorance." The ease with which the so-called educated classes can be swept off their feet in these days by almost any sort of propaganda, compels us to think that perhaps there is some point to these criticisms. It is evident that the knowledge of many things in itself does not give us poise of mind and capacity for balanced judgment. There is something in life that is more important than storing the brain with facts of History and Science. The Hebrews had a word, "Wisdom," which we might do well to emphasize.

It looks as though the American Defense Society were right! Right about what? Why, about the Russian Players! It may be remembered that the Society made a vigorous protest against these actors and actresses of the Moscow Art Theatre being received in this country. The Society's specific charge was that the Players had an arrangement with the Bolsheviki by which a certain share of the receipts from their performances were to be turned over to the Soviet government. Behind this, however, was the general charge that the Russian artists were propagandists, and were over here not to produce plays but to serve the political purposes of their native country. A perfect shout of derision went up when this protest was published, and the Defense Society promptly lapsed into a most impressive silence. But, by Jove, these "Defensers" seem to have been right, after all! Of course, these Players are not propagandists for Russia in any technical, i. e. political, sense. But they happen to be artists of the first order, and thus indirectly they are winning an understanding and appreciation of the Russian People such as no paid agents of the country could secure in a thousand years of propaganda. For the first time since 1917, it is now possible to speak of Russia without apologizing, to say something good about Russians without being denounced as a traitor, even to commend the Soviets without being cast into outer darkness. By the marvel of their art, the Moscow Players have simply changed the atmosphere, and from now on a *rapprochement* between the American and the Russian peoples is not impossible. All of which brings us back to our starting-point—that the American Defense Society was right! There are universal languages in this world, and if we allow these to be spoken, as in the theatre, for example, suspicion, fear and hatred between nations melt away forever.

We are in Cincinnati, on a Saturday evening! We have purchased a newspaper, to find out what is going on in the churches tomorrow. This is what we find! *First page*—four columns about some vice scandal now raging in the city, one column about the West Virginia mine disaster, two columns of a Lloyd-George syndicate article on the Ruhr, one column of despatches from Berlin and Paris, a picture of Pat Moran and his family on the way to the baseball training camp. *Second page*—some more vice scandals, this time in Chicago as well as Cincinnati, a fire story with a picture of the blaze, a large picture of the "city's prettiest typist." *Third page*—article about the marbles-playing championship tournament, elaborately illustrated with five drawings. *Fourth page*—editorials (less than two columns), four column headline "Broun Discusses Stage Jags," seven photographs of "stars at Cincinnati theatres next week," book reviews, a criticism of the symphony concert, a feature-chapter of Van Loon's "America." *Fifth page*—sports, including baseball, pugilism, Babe Ruth, etc. *Sixth page*—"Woman's page," with answers to questions, photographs of tango dancers, a baby prodigy, etc. *Seventh page*—the movies, with picture of Douglas Fairbanks and his lady love in "Robin Hood." *Eighth page*—the stock market. *Ninth page*—comic strips. *Tenth page*—automobiles. *Eleventh page*—want ads. *Twelfth page*—want ads. *Thirteenth page*—ads. *Fourteenth page*—ads, and picture of "beautiful American daughter-in-law of the Earl of Carnavon." All these pages interspersed with numerous short news items, as "Wife Acquitted," "Police Battle Crazed Vet," "Note to Fiancee Bares Suicide," "Dry Agent Fined," "Slain By Suitor," "Woman Accused," "Murder Charge," etc., etc. This is what is handed out on Saturday evening to the citizens of one of the largest cities in the country by one of their most prominent papers! And the churches? O, yes! 'Way down in the bottom corner of Page Four are *three* church advertisements, with a four-inch "daily Lenten Bible reading." And—how delicious!—at the top of the editorial column, these lines—"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

—Isaiah 41:10." Who says the American people are not religious, and the newspaper not a potent influence for good?

February 28, 1923, was the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ernest Renan. We have seen little mention of the event in newspapers and magazines, despite the fact that the famous Frenchman was one of the outstanding figures of the world's thought in the last century, and the further fact that only two years ago Professor Lewis Freeman Mott published a biography of the master which is one of the ablest and most fascinating books of our time. UNITY, however, would not pass this occasion without recording this slight evidence of its reverence for the name and achievements of this man. Renan was one of the greatest scholars in an age of great scholars. In addition he was a notable personality, and a literary artist of the very first order. Long after his books have been superseded as works of learning, they will be read and treasured for the sheer beauty of their style. Of his "Life of Jesus" (*"Vie de Jesu"*) it is fashionable these days, of course, to make fun, as we make fun of everything "19th century." But it will be remembered always for what it did in marking an epoch of liberation in thought upon the problem of the Nazarene's career; and, we venture to add, will be read always as the greatest literary biography of Jesus ever written. Renan's other writings, the "Origins of Christianity" and the "History of the People of Israel," have a preeminence which the passage of time through a half-century does not seem greatly to alter. In his personal life, we have a hero-tale, and in his relations with his sister, Henriette, one of the loveliest idylls of modern history. The story of brother and sister has been written in immortal form by Romain Rolland in the second volume of "Jean Christophe."

Wanted: A Great Man

Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers' delightful article in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* on "Satan Among the Biographers" has raised anew in the mind of the present writer certain questions of long standing there as to the probable effect upon the public mind of the so-called realistic tendency of contemporary biography-writing. This tendency got under way some twenty-five or thirty years ago with the appearance of such books as "The True George Washington," "Lincoln, the Man," and so on, and has reached its lowest mark, let us hope! in such books as Margot Asquith's "Autobiography," Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria" and suchlike biographical muck-raking.

Dr. Crothers' interest in these biographies is mainly psychological: he would like to know, for example, how the author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street" "knows so much about what goes on inside of Mr. Lloyd George's mind"? And this is no doubt an important point of view from which to examine critically the perfect mass—we had almost written mess! —of biographical histories and sketches which have come from the busy presses of England and America in recent years. It is easy to see how Margot Asquith's friends penetrated into her bed room. She makes that plain enough! But not so easy to see how she in her turn penetrated into their secret and unspoken thoughts. But we are not greatly interested in these psychological conjectures and strictures. Our interest rather is in the more social aspect of the problem presented by these unreserved revelations of the private faults and sins of the world's great men and women. How is the public mind going to be affected by these glimpses into the spiritual boudoirs of its heroes and heroines? What if the King's valet really had seen him in his "nightie"?

On the whole we must say we think this realistic tendency, as it is called, is unwholesome and unprofitable. It does nobody any good. And by the pragmatic test, therefore, it stands condemned. To tell unpleasant truths about the world's great men, or about our humble neighbors for that matter,—well it's too much like light-minded, mischievous women talking back of their hands at an Afternoon Tea! What possible good can come of learning, for example, that Carlyle was irascible, contemptuous of other great writers, subtly brutal in his pointed indifference to Mrs. Carlyle; that Macaulay was a vain and envious man; that Washington was a snob and a libertine, and that in the Revolution he had his own personal axe to grind; that Lincoln told coarse stories, and, as his latest biographer tells us with evident relish, that he "couldn't keep his hands off of women"; that Queen Elizabeth was just an ignorant old ancestor-worshipper; that Gladstone was stupid, Balfour a silly ass, Jesus a Jewish zealot who was always losing his temper and using the epithets of Billingsgate, and breaking down and crying like a child when things didn't go just his way? Are these reports of the world's great men true? Probably yes, in the strict logical, laboratory sense. But are they true in the larger, more generous pragmatic sense? Does it make for social progress to expose the seamy side of the garment of life in which we men of earth do all clothe our souls? We think not. This sort of thing, even though true in the strictly historical sense, does nobody any good in the re-telling and retailing of it. The main effect of such books upon the mind of the average reading public has been disillusionment, cynicism, and with a few readers of finer minds, despair of human nature. The average reader puts down books of this kind, after reading them with much

smacking of lips—he puts them down with a sneer on his lips now, feeling that after all is said and done life is a pretty rotten business at best, and even the world's great men made of pretty common clay.

But these books do not tell the truth even in the strict laboratory sense of that term. They deal in half-truths which in their effect upon the public mind are apt to be more dafamatory of the character of the great man under consideration than downright falsehoods.

Every man, great and small, has in him two natures. On the one side of his nature he is capable of being, and in certain low hours he is, crafty, shiftless, coarse-minded, a good deal of a fool, and all the other things these muck-raking biographers have found out about the world's great men. That is human nature, as seen through the eyes of the realist so-called.

But every man has another side of his nature. On this side he is a different man entirely. He has a clean mind, is open and above board in all his dealings, loves what is best and responds to any appeal you make to this higher nature which is in him. This is human nature, as seen through the eyes of the idealists of the world; the mothers of men; the friends who understand and see this finer strain in us, and who are always calling it to the front; the seers and dreamers and romanticists of the ages.

Now which of these is the true human character, taken in the large? In the laboratory sense, both. But in the broader socio-pragmatic sense it is a question of emphasis. Where are we going to place the emphasis in our dealings with human nature and in our reports of our fellowmen when we talk about them, or write of them? Shall we take a man at the valuation his worst enemy puts upon him? Or shall we accept the judgment of his best friend? Which is the "true" George Washington,—the Washington unfaithful to Martha and repenting in sack cloth and ashes, or Washington at Valley Forge? Which the "real" Lincoln, the Lincoln of the Music Hall stories or the Lincoln of the Gettysburg Address? Which the final Nazarene, the man discouraged with human nature, disgusted and depressed and tired almost to death, or the man executed on a Roman Cross because of his final faith in human nature and his unfaltering fidelity to the cause of all humanity? And ourselves—to be personal about it. How do we want to be judged? Which is the real "me"? Me when I am at my worst, in the hours of hardness of heart and lowness of mind? Or me when I am at my best, in my moments of tenderness and high-mindedness and exaltation of spirit? Of a truth this question is not so simple a matter as the modern biographer assumes, when he comes to judge human character and to measure human achievements. We can't call a spade a spade when speaking of human nature. Your real man is forever changing his trumps, so to speak, trumping now low, now high. And he doesn't always follow suite, as your Hoyle-trained biographer, not unreasonably, expects him to.

It is a matter of emphasis in the socio-pragmatic sense rather than of truth in the laboratory sense. Where were it the more profitable in this larger social sense to place the emphasis in our judgment of human nature, of history, of great men? On which side were it more profitable to place the weight of our own personality, as we go on this way through life? On the side of disillusionment and ill will and despair? Or on the side of hope and high expectation and creative good will?

We say "creative." For that is exactly what our judgments upon our fellowmen are,—creative. We create in others the things we claim to see in them. What we say about human nature today—that it is fine, noble, high-minded, self-effacing—may not be strictly true today. But it will be tomorrow! And our saying it and keeping on saying it, our believing these things and keeping on believing them, will help make them come true. As the boys of Rugby used to say of their great head-master, "It's a shame to lie to Arnold. He always believes you!"

It does work, this new socio-pragmatic conception of truth. The finest thing you can say about human nature is the truest thing you can say. Human nature is in germ all that is fine and noble. And our belief in our fellowmen will warm that germ into life, our disbelief wither it to death! Which shall it be?

Everywhere you go these days you hear people lamenting the fact that the whole world is languishing and falling backward for want of the leadership and the inspiration of some Great Man. Nothing else can restore this insane humanity to its right mind, nothing else heal its wounds and make it whole again. Not International Conferences, not Leagues of Nations, not Bankers' Parleys but just one Great Man to lead us out of the wilderness into the promised land, the land promised us by the misguided little men who brought on and then could not prevent the Great War. Little men making Great Wars! What we need is a Great Man making a Great Peace.

But enough of this rhetoric! The plain truth is that you and I can help to breed this Great Man within the womb of humanity. Every living man today, if he would serve his kind, should abandon this sterile unbelief in humanity and in civilization, and cultivate, first in his own soul, and then in the souls of all his fellowmen, a fructifying, life-giving faith in human nature, and in its power to create on this earth a civilization whose every deed shall be justice, whose every thought shall be love, whose every word shall be peace.

FRANK CARLETON DOAN.

Items from a Traveler's Note-book

Is there anything uglier than the typical mid-western railroad town? Its hideous station, its dingy, ill-kempt buildings, its muddy highways, its dreadful bill-boards, its pathetic attempt at splendor in its electrically illuminated main street, all these make one town look very much like another, and the whole a most depressing series of landscape experiences. I never shall forget Sinclair Lewis's description of Carol Kennicutt's journey to and arrival in Gopher Prairie on her return from her honeymoon. The horror of what she saw is only the horror which everybody sees who follows the railroad lines of America. I am as far as ever from understanding why our country, in its business and mercantile aspects at least, must be so ugly. So different from Europe, where a train-journey, so far as the scenery at least is concerned, is a passage through paradise! And yet our Americans are all European in origin—they have behind them the tradition of beauty —here in the middle west many of the towns were settled by men and women from New England which was and is as lovely as an English countryside! This is a curious problem worth studying.

Is there anything uglier, I ask, than the typical mid-western railroad town? Yes, I answer; the railroad approach into any American city, east or west, north or south! One would naturally imagine that the entrance into a city by train, like the entrance to a person's house by the front door, would be made as attractive and beautiful as possible. But the opposite is usually the case. The railroad approach, like the shores of our rivers and harbors, is a thing of utter horror. Could anything be more terrible, for example, than this entrance into Cincinnati? Yes—the entrance into St. Louis! But Cincinnati is bad enough, as its railroad station is hideous enough, to suit the most depraved taste.

It was with such thoughts as these that I entered Cincinnati, on a Saturday afternoon, in a state of gloom and depression. The weather had turned unseasonably warm, and I had stewed all day in the sleeper. My arrival at my destination was greeted with a muggy, drizzly fall of rain, which was anything but heartening. A dinner at the hotel was expensive to the point of hilarity, and wasteful and luxurious to the point of disgust.

But gloom vanished when two students from the Hebrew Union College called to take me to my evening engagement, which was an address to professors and students of the College on "Jew and Christian Together." I was met by a splendid body of men—alert, clean-cut, intelligent, open-minded. They seemed to me to be of an exceptional order of ability and character—superior in quality to most of the men now attending Christian theological schools, as rabbis seem to me to be superior to most ministers. I talked for an hour, and then the rest of the evening was taken up with questions and discussion. Everything was frank, free, friendly; the inspiration of the occasion blessed me with a sound night's sleep.

In the morning (Sunday) I started out to make a little investigation of the church question. As my preaching engagement was in the afternoon, I had for the first time in years an opportunity in mid-winter to attend a Sunday morning service as a member of the congregation. "Here is a chance, not to be lost," I said to myself, "to make a real test of church attendance. I don't know the churches—I will make no inquiries! I will just step out on to the street from my hotel, turn to the right—always a good rule!—enter the first church I come to, and see what I may see." At 10:45 I sallied forth, turned to the right, walked two blocks, and found myself in front of a church labeled with the name of one of the largest and most influential denominations in the country. On entering, I was received by a pleasant-faced young man who handed me a calendar, and said cheerfully: "Walk right in! Take any seat you want! Make yourself at home!" This hospitable note was characteristic of the place. After the service I was greeted at the door by the minister; just beyond him stood a layman, who took my hand and said a few pleasant words; at the head of the exit stairs was another layman, who did the same; and at the street door was a woman—I suspect, the pastor's wife—who spoke a word of farewell. Nothing was omitted to make the visitor feel welcome, and yet there was no intrusion upon his reserves.

The service was simple, dignified and attractive. The hymns were of the sentimental "come to Jesus" type, but they were well sung. Two female singers presented an atrocious duet, with the refrain,

> I will walk with Jesus
> Because he loves me so,

but strangely enough, after such an exhibition of bad taste, they sang with feeling and good taste. The minister, an amiable and rugged old gentleman, delivered a sermon of the conventional exegetical type, devoid throughout of even a suggestion of an original idea, and unlit by a single gleam of modernity. But he preached his platitudes with conviction, gave an interesting quotation from George Macdonald, recited Henley's "Invictus," told an excellent story of Spurgeon, and held the attention of his audience for a half-hour.

And what about the audience? A careful survey of the pews showed that the seating capacity of the church was a trifle less than 800. I sat in the middle of the auditorium, and counted 24 persons sitting in front of me. Behind, by dint of numerous furtive head-turnings and eye-castings, I managed to count 39 more persons, making a total of 63. There may have been a few more—but the congregation was certainly *less* than 75! The day was sunny and beautiful, the streets had their quotas of pedestrians, the street-cars were full, my hotel was crowded, and there were other hotels in the neighborhood. Yet this respectably orthodox church, centrally located in the heart of the city, could muster only between 60 and 70 people for its Sunday morning audience! I wonder why this is the sort of thing I almost invariably find when I drop into a church unguided by familiar names or sensational advertising. I know that in every city there are able preachers who have large audiences, and famous churches which gather throngs for their elaborate music and ceremonial. But take an ordinary church just as a church—and you find desertion and death! This Cincinnati church must have had its days when its 800 seats were filled, and its influence was great. But all that has passed away. The church as an institution is gone—it no longer exercises any "pull" of its own right upon the public mind. And yet there are those who constantly rebuke me for declaring that the church to-day is dead, and that it is time that a corpse was decently buried.

In the afternoon came my turn—at the service at the People's Church in the Cox Theatre at 3 o'clock. This is the church made famous by the years of leadership of Herbert L. Bigelow, one of the great citizens of Ohio, and one of the outstanding preachers of America. Dr. Bigelow has from the beginning of his distinguished career been a champion of a free church, dedicated to the application of religious ideals to the task of public service. As a pioneer in the work of political and economic democracy, he has led his community in many of its finest achievements of social progress. As chairman some years ago of the State Constitutional Convention, he gave Ohio one of the most advanced constitutions in the country. To-day, characteristically enough, he is leading a state-wide fight for old age pensions. At the service where I spoke, a call was made for funds to carry an appeal on behalf of a group of Socialists, convicted in a free-speech fight, to the highest court in the state. Activities of this kind, of course, have won Mr. Bigelow the hearty enmity of all reputable citizens in Cincinnati. This expressed itself during the war in the famous whipping episode, when Mr. Bigelow was seized by a mob, carried into the open country, stripped, and lashed. It expresses itself today in a boycott of silence by the newspapers so effective that one of my friends actually imagined that the People's Church was no longer in existence.

I found an audience which filled the main floor of the auditorium, and overflowed a little into the balcony. I estimated its number at about 800. There was no service—only some opening musical selections, notices, collection, and the address. It was all informal, with much applause, and the general atmosphere of a popular assembly.

This service done, I jumped into an automobile, and rode forty miles to the town of Oxford, the seat of Miami University. After a hurried supper, where I had the pleasure of renewing acquaintanceship with Percy MacKaye, the poet and dramatist, I was hustled over to one of the large college halls, where I found a fine audience of about 1000 persons, mostly students, eager to listen to my talk on the abolition of war—and they did listen, most graciously, for over an hour. A reception, a night-ride fourteen miles to Hamilton, an early morning ride back to Cincinnati, the nine o'clock train back to New York—and my journey was done!

One unexpected discovery I made on this trip—that of the very lively candidacy of Governor Cox for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1924. I had not imagined that a man who was defeated in the last election by an adverse majority of over 7,000,000 votes, would ever be heard of again. We are hearing practically nothing of him in the east. But he is doing much talking in Ohio, has his Dayton newspaper, and all-in-all is still a lively figure. Aside from this, I learned little about the state of this part of the country. The trip was too short, contacts were too few, talk was too casual and hurried! One thing was impressive and encouraging—applause for prohibition sentiments!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Berlin Notes

Editorial Correspondence.

I had an interesting interview yesterday with Martha Steinitz—one of Berlin's most efficient social workers. I wanted to ask questions on many topics, but confined myself exclusively to the "No More War" demonstrations, in which she had been an active participant from the beginning. She also went to England in 1921 for six weeks and awakened interest there in the movement.

NO MORE WAR.

She said that Carl Vetter—editor of the *Volkes-Zeitung*—was the father of the movement. This paper has 250,000 readers, is independent and liberal. In 1920, Vetter was president of the Peace Union of Ex-Soldiers, which had she thought 4,000 members, or more. Vetter founded this union. He conceived the idea that year of promoting demonstrations against war. The last Sunday of July was selected as the day, and demonstrations were held in three cities. Fourteen pacifist and political organizations took part, with an estimated attendance of 80,000 people. The one in Berlin was held in the Lustgarten—the spacious square in the heart of the city. Up to the time of the Revolution—November 11th, 1918—it will be remembered that no open-air demonstrations had taken place.

The Peace Union of Ex-Soldiers had been publishing a monthly paper, called "No More War"; hence the demonstrations took on the slogan, No More War (*Nie Wieder Krieg*). The little paper is not now published, more for lack of money, than interest. Next year, 1921, mass demonstrations were held in Berlin and over 200 other cities and towns. No less than 500,000 people took part; in Berlin 150,000, in Hamburg 100,000. Scores of societies and parties took part, among them the Peace Union of Ex-Soldiers, the German Peace Society, the World Youth League, Union of Disabled Soldiers, Group of War Prisoners, League of Republican Leaders, Socialist Students Union, Independent Socialist Party of Germany, Majority Socialist Party, Confederation of Berlin Trade Unions, the Syndicalist, etc. The demonstrations were of the usual kind, marching, banners, bands of music, speeches. There was a parade of war victims, the disabled, the widowed, etc. A great impression was made. Posters calling for the demonstrations were signed by all these societies and parties. Youth was conspicuous in the demonstrations. There were excellent and important speakers, from parliament, from the clergy, and fine music—all services being given gratis. All churches (Germany has but two churches said Miss Steinitz with a smile—Catholic and Lutheran—not so many denominations as in America) were represented. Women like Mrs. A. Einstein marched and sold papers.

The demonstration of 1921 made a marked impression. On the same day, July 31st, the workers of France were holding anti-militarist demonstrations. They were in memory of Jean Jauren. The motion behind the great demonstrations in Germany and France was that the Great War may be the last war.

Meantime, word had passed to England and other countries, so that in 1922, demonstrations were held in a score of nations. Those in Germany, in 1922, were

not so successful, judged by crowds. A sufficient reason is found in the fact that two huge demonstrations—one of them mustering 600,000 people—were held but a short time before, on account of the assassination of Rathenau. Yet, the demonstrations were excellently carried through. In the Lustgarten, Berlin, for example, twelve speakers were reciting the same poem, simultaneously. Huge demonstrations were however held in Holland and Austria —and many demonstrations were held in England, America, Australia, etc.

Mr. H. Runham Brown of London, said Miss Steinitz, had just been in Berlin to consult Carl Vetter about "No More War" demonstrations on July 29th, 1923. The meeting of these two men was the first attempt at an international understanding on the matter. The promise is good for the growth of the movement, to the end that this summer vast crowds may assemble in hundreds of the cities and towns of the world demanding "No More War" and "Total Disarmament." Besides Vetter and Brown, it would be unfair not to mention John P. Fletcher, the incurable Christian Internationalist, who immediately after the great German demonstrations in 1921 addressed a letter from Berlin to scores of organizations of workers and peace societies, in many countries, calling upon them "to go and do likewise." This letter brought fruit; and Fletcher is still on the job of nursing the movement.

A Church Leader.

I brought to Berlin a letter of introduction to Professor Deissmann, who asked me to come and see him in his room at the University. He ranks very high as a church historian, and is frequently referred to as "next to Harnack." The day I called was the day on which it was expected that French troops would invade the Rhine district. This day the mark dropped to 10,000 for a dollar. There was a shade of sadness, I thought, hovering over Professor Deissmann's face. Knowing that I had recently been in Australia, he asked me about the progress of Church unity in that land. He seemed to expect good news and I regretted my inability to speak of a tremendous lot of Church unity in that part of the world. I had to tell him that the feeling between Protestant and Catholic was not delectable. He was surprised to learn that the Catholic Church in Australia had been opposed to conscription. I thought he was pleased.

Professor Deissmann is perhaps the leading figure in the German Church to stand for Christian internationalism. This he did before the war; this he stands for now. He thought the signs in the German Church were hopeful, in that direction. He is planning to visit England in February, and deliver a course of lectures, all for different colleges in the neighborhood of Birmingham. This is the first time since the war. He will lecture on "Jesus and Paul." That sounds rather safe and the topic is not liable to raise a riot. Will it take 25 or 50 years for Germany and England to resume former fraternal relations? I suggested that he come to America. He felt that it would take too much time. I told him that he could do it in 30 days—10 days to New York—10 days for lectures—10 days back to Berlin. He smiled, as much to say, quite like you hustling Americans. He said, too, he was busy getting out a lexicon—and I remarked that ever since my student days I had admired the scholarship and patience of the men who gave birth to lexicons! and I thought also what a far cry from lexicons to feeding the children—and yet No. 2 Dorotheenstrasse, headquarters for child feeding, is just across the way from the University. Professor Deissmann seemed to be greatly interested in movements in politics and religion, promising international unity. I was uncertain as to how interested he was in pacifism. He referred with satisfaction to the labors of an American Methodist bishop, in Church unity work in Russia and Central Europe, and seemed to be surprised when I told him that I thought that on the whole the Methodist Church of America was reactionary—theologically and politically—although there were many individuals with free spirits. I went away feeling that I would like to go again, wishing also that the millions of America could see the man of gentle spirit and Christian manners—but blessed are they who love without seeing.

A Social Worker.

One of the men who is holding the fort in East Berlin—for Berlin has East End, like London and New York—is E. Gramm, head of the Social Settlement at 64 Fruchtstrasse. I hasten to add that Mr. Gramm would say that Dr. Siegmund-Schultze is head. This is correct, but Dr. Schultze has been laid aside for several months and is about to go away, for rest, indefinitely. So, Mr. Gramm is carrying the load—and load it is for social workers, these days in Berlin, who are called upon not only to make brick without straw, but to make brick without sand. (By the way, before I forget it, a little check or draft sent to Mr. Gramm —he is brother of Hanns Gramm of the Child Feeding Committee—would bring needed cheer for the poor of East Berlin.)

This Settlement sprang from seed brought from England. Dr. Schultze was court chaplain at Potsdam, but in 1911 he gave up his place of privilege and together with wife, his sister and three students, took lodgings in East Berlin. Mr. Gramm has been in the work from the beginning. The work has taken on the features of similar settlements in England and America. In 1913 a colony of women workers was added. The residents were nearly all from Berlin University. Settlements in other cities of Germany have been established. One, in Stettin, where the dockers and seamen live. One in Breslau, where Dr. Schulze's sister, Marta, carried on a settlement in spite of great difficulties. Another, in Marburg, which is doing useful work in reducing animosity between students and workers.

Mr. Gramm told me with sadness that conditions in Berlin were getting worse. Unemployment is rapidly increasing. Twenty percent of the hospitals are closed, with very few private hospitals open at all. Of the children born in 1916, 10 or 20 percent are not able to go to school on account of malnutrition. A family with six children would have to pay 40,000 marks a month for milk—and that sum is the salary of a stenographer. The coming year will doubtless be the worst the country has experienced. Doctors are going into other professions. Pneumonia is increasing. And so the true story of Mr. Gramm went on—and it is too true.

Sydney Strong.

January 11th, 1923.

The Periscope

Preston Bradley who does not hesitate to prophesy that within ten years the youth of America will be clad in Khaki, is even more pessimistic in his utterances regarding the inevitability of international conflicts. The very nature of man is such that for any national group to be in need of certain natural resources such as iron, coal or oil, while a smaller and weaker nation possesses these commodities, can only result in the larger nation, under the pretense of some insult, declaring war upon its more richly endowed neighbor. In other words, according to Dr. Bradley, mankind has not reached, nor is he destined within the immediate future to reach, that plane of ethical perfection which will cause one national group to refrain from sheer pillage when certain natural resources, difficult to buy, are in urgent demand, and when another and weaker national group is in possession of the much coveted supply.

This entire question of the extent to which mankind is fettered by inherent animalistic passions becomes one of vital significance to those who, like Mr. Salmon O. Levinson, are actively interested in what is perhaps the biggest task in the development of civilization which our generation confronts; namely, the outlawing of war. The seemingly irrefutable argument which Mr. Levinson and his influential and ardent followers possess, and which even the dramatic old school oratory of a Preston Bradley would find difficult to floor, is that war has been successfully outlawed among the states of this Union, and that the United States Supreme Court, which is an exact prototype of Mr. Levinson's proposed international court is functioning so perfectly in settling disputes between states that no one in this entire nation can conceive of, for example, Wisconsin declaring war on the northern peninsula of Michigan in order to gain possession of the latter's ore deposits. And while we all realize that there is a homogeneity among the citizens of our forty-eight states, which, due to inadequate and expensive transportation facilities and to racial differences, it will require centuries to establish the world over; and while we all realize that democracies are not yet sufficiently democratic to prevent governments becoming in a large measure instruments in the hands of interests which prosper best under the present international competitive system, there still does not exist in any of these barriers, obstacles which are insurmountable. "Mr. Levinson's eloquence—his insistence (I quote from William Hard's recent article, 'Stopping War by Quitting It,' in *The Nation* for March 7, 1923)—his indefatigable argumentativeness—his undeniable sincerity—and his undeniable determination to convey his arguments to all ears whether open by nature or needing opening with an oyster-hook . . . "—these qualifications which have enabled him to win to the cause of his proposal such men as Raymond Robins and Senator Borah, are sufficient to bring to his support an ever increasing body of loyal seekers for world peace.

"There is no path through a lawless world to a warless world," says William Hard, and it is upon this institution—law, the institution which perhaps has done more than any other one to establish harmonious relationship between men and groups of men, that Mr. Levinson and his followers are relying in their plan for the outlawry of war. They are not trying to remove the social and psychological causes of war, for some of these causes, as Dr. Bradley asserts, are deep rooted in the very organic structure of man, but they are seeking, through offering a tried and tested substitute for war, to save civilization from being wrecked by this most destructive of all modern practices.

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

Stopping War by Quitting It

I don't know that I entirely go along with Senator Borah's idea about the outlawing of war; but I happen to be familiar with the history of the origin and development of this idea in our national capital; and I rejoice in the defiance which it launches at the paltering pacifists of the League of Nations who weep about war and who then, in the Covenant of the League of Nations, instead of abolishing the cause of their tears, proceed to reenact it.

This idea of Senator Borah's—this idea of an Irreconcilable—says to these League of Nations halfhearts:

"Did you say peace? All right. Let's have it. And let's have it in the only way in which it has ever been continuously had among men. Let's have it by agreeing to submit our differences not to negotiators, not to diplomats, not to bargainers with guns on their hips, but to judges, to courts, to declarers of law. Are you ready? Let's go."

I rejoice in the approaching discomfiture of the fraudulent friends of peace who, while they have been talking to us about peace through the ministrations of Geneva, have not meant peace through peace but peace through the application of the consolidated war-force of the world's united imperialisms—peace in the Sarre by bayonets against the right of nationality, peace in Syria by bayonets against the right of self-determination, peace in the Dardanelles by the armed intrusion of strangers against the more weakly weaponed resistance of the local sovoreignty.

Pretensions to peacefulness, accompanied by a total unwillingness to walk in the ways of peace, will soon become politically much more difficult and argumentatively much more hazardous and humiliating than in the past. The movement of which Senator Borah has taken the leadership will presently be knocking at the door of every important public man in the whole world and saying:

"Did you ever announce yourself against bloodshed? Very well. Say now that you are willing outrightly to outlaw bloodshed, and utterly to renounce it, as a means by which your country maintains its foreign policies. Say that you are willing to submit the claims of your country's foreign policies to the decrees of a tribunal of judicial justice. Say it, or stop pretending that you are anything but Sennacherib, Julius Caesar, Charlemagne, all over again. They all made peace—by war—followed by more peace made by more war—and then by more war. Now make peace by the only known true engine of peace: *law!* Decree the reign of law. By national act, and by international joint-act, decree the complete abolishment of war except for the

repelling of actual physical invasion. In its place erect a code of the law of nations and submit yourself—just as in your nobler moments you would like to have your enemies in neighboring countries submit themselves—to the dictates of that code. Do this! Or let us have no more from you about the palpitations of your heart for the poor plowman whom you say you desire to see released from the trenches of war and peacefully pursuing the furrows of perpetual peace. Take your choice! Come out for law and courts and judicial decisions and peace, or admit in final compulsory frankness that you are for unabated national sovereignty and legally unchecked sovereign foreign policies and armed hagglings and bickerings in diplomatic international unjudicial conferences of force, and so for war—inevitable war! Take your choice—at last!"

I contemplate that day with undisguised delight. I know it will come; because I know the man who first in our day gave himself to this idea of the outlawry of war.

This man is Mr. S. O. Levinson of Chicago—a lawyer—with a firm fondness for law as the world's salvation. He had expected to support the League of Nations. That is, he had expected to do so while the words of the Covenant of the League of Nations were still at the bottom of the well of the Paris Conference.

He happened to be on a train going from Chicago to New York when he first saw a text of the "Covenant." He read it. He left the train at Harrisburg and proceeded to Washington. He arrived in an ecstasy of indignation against the "Covenant" and proceeded to the office of Senator Knox of Pennsylvania. Thereafter if Senator Knox ever failed for arguments against the League, Mr. Levinson brought up three new ones before the Senate met for the morning hour.

People were surprised to observe in Senator Knox's speeches a sort of pacifism going quite beyond—as they expressed it—the pacifism of the League of Nations. They used to twit him with refusing to accept what they regarded as the "moderate" proposals of the League while not refusing to accept—in fact vigorously advancing—an "extreme" idea tending toward eliminating war altogether.

This phenomenon in Senator Knox's speech was the joint-product of the minds of Senator Knox and of Mr. Levinson. In December of 1919 Senator Borah's mind was added to the collaboration.

The irony of the matter pleases me even when I may doubt some elements in the program which it has produced. I am charmed to remember—and now to bequeath to the remembrance of my readers—those three confirmed Irreconcilables, all bespattered with epithets of "isolationist" and "international reactionary" and "jingo" and "war-lover" and "blood-letter," sitting down to devise the proposal which in time would demonstrate that it was not they, but precisely their opponents, who favored the further continuance of war and the further effusion of blood.

To their developing propaganda I contributed—from the seat of a more or less doubting Thomas—one sentence which in the midst of all doubts I was obliged to concede to the compulsions of manifest truth. It was, it is, this: "There is no path through a lawless world to a warless world."

Law or war! I see no third choice.

Presently Mr. Levinson's eloquence—his insistence—his indefatigable argumentativeness—his undeniable sincerity—and his undeniable determination to convey his arguments to all ears whether open by nature or needing opening with an oyster-hook—gave him a convert in the person of our greatest passionate orator: Raymond Robins.

With William E. Borah promoting the outlawry of war in the forum of the Senate and of the Washington newspaper dispatches, and with Raymond Robins promoting it in tireless tours from town to town in all known and unknown regions of the United States before cheering uplifted audiences, and with S. O. Levinson vibrating with an endless supply of fresh clinching arguments in the background, I confidently predict that here we have something that is not a flash in the pan but a flame that will spread and spread from the prairies of America till it touches the towers of the topmost pretenses of Europe's diplomacy.

—*William Hard.*

The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter.

MY OWN AMERICA, DISARM!

America, disarm, disarm,
  In fearlessness to danger line.
Lift thou thy soul above alarm.
  With voice inspired speak word divine,
Proclaim that war shall cease, nor fear
Response of nations, far and near.

"American" means "not afraid,"
  This let thy transformed arms attest.
Thy spears to pruning-hooks be made;
  Thy swords to plowshares. Let the guest
Thy valor entertains be love
Thyself be neither hawk nor dove.

"Who fears not hath a compact made
  With God's own might, there safe shall be."
Upon thy flag's broad fold displayed
  Let nations read "Humanity."
Ennobled heart: thy will incline
To action generous and fine.

Art thou afraid to be the first
  To trust the prophets' word divine?
Expect from men their best, not worst.
  The age to come waits word of thine.
Those who in blood the war-price paid,—
Despairing peoples,—ask thine aid.

As for the demons who proclaim
  That peace is cowardly and tame;—
O nations! cast them out and, far
  From where men dwell, there let them war
Upon each other, till content
To beg release from banishment.

But let them not, with pomp and noise
  Gone mad with greed, and lust, and wine,
Eat flesh, and drink the blood, of boys,
  Now be commanding courage thine;
Preserve the life that war destroys.
Speak word decisive,—angels' song,—
"'Peace, peace, on earth.' End now war's wrong.
  Waste not a quality divine
In slaughtering men by studied art;
To save, not slay, be this thy part."

John Nelson Davidson.

THE STUDY TABLE

"Black Oxen"

Perhaps the next best thing to "hitching your wagon to a star" is to hitch it to a scientific discovery. Gertrude Atherton has done this in her latest book—"Black Oxen."

Taking for granted that our "wagons" are our imaginations which, by the way, Coué says control our wills, Mrs. Atherton has done rather an original thing in evolving her heroine from the action and re-action of a scientific discovery upon a woman who, in getting rid of many of her years—and these years are the Black Oxen—confronts the situation that Einstein depicts, when, a mortal, supposed to be shot from the earth in order to overcome time, presently, by his rapid movement, discovers that his past becomes his future!

The mortal goes so much faster than the years—hold Einstein responsible for this data—that in no time at all he arrives at 1492 with all his future behind him!

And so in Mrs. Atherton's book we find the heroine, who had had a varied and rather hectic past, come back—young, beautiful and surrounded by mystery.

Of course the ordinary human understanding never suspects the *fact;* namely, that an experiment has been tried upon the lovely woman and has succeeded to the extent of giving her youth back to her—to a certain extent!

Naturally, the plain business man, the old beau and the up-to-date modernist, deal with the situation in a commonplace way. The newcomer is dubbed adventuress, illegitimate daughter of the one-time reigning belle and other unsavory possibilities. But the youth of the innocent accept her as she is and lets it go at that.

The inevitable of course happens, but the book is too good to spoil by vivisection!

However, one can estimate the result of "coming back" and count the gains and losses without infringing upon the author's rights. We all dread the Black Oxen and shrink from the shadows they cast, but if we, alone, escape them and return to the old haunts, what occurs?

Contemporaries are either gone or are bearing the burden of the years—they will have nothing of us! We are but another added reflection which youth deals to age. So then, rejuvenated and seeking, we look to youth and youth, keen and puzzled, returns our stare. But youth is soon bewildered.

"What have we here?" it cries. "Some one wearing the mantle of the spring but looking forth with eyes that frighten us by their—knowledge of things yet to be." Youth resents nothing more than the premature birth of its own experience.

So then—what is left?

Surely the ghost returning to its old haunts to find its place taken by another, is not more tragic than this heroine of Mrs. Atherton's who has no place: no meaning in the vital environment to which she comes without her Black Oxen to justify her existence.

If some scientific discovery could dominate the world making the spirit of man young—ah! then indeed would we have the solution. "As a man thinketh, so is he"—was spoken long ago and no scientific discovery has ever equalled that spiritual one in significance and power. In it lies the redemption of all else. Black Oxen would no longer hold terror for us; they would become but the safe vehicles for bearing the harvests of life.

If Mrs. Atherton sets us to thinking along new lines, she has accomplished much: if she has helped us to weigh and estimate values she has done more. But one thing she certainly has accomplished—she has written an absorbing story.

HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Story of Joseph Rodrigues

March 5, 1923.

My dear Mr. Holmes:

Will you please read the following statement and consider whether you want to use any of it to help develop public opinion so that similar injustice may not be so easily and often repeated? (Note reforms suggested in the final paragraphs.)

If this story of Joseph Rodrigues, Portuguese laborer, seems unimportant, consider the significance of its commonness. Does it indicate that our law courts generally are prejudiced and careless of justice?

Unless repudiated in the higher court of public opinion which *you* represent, the case confirms the conviction of many of our foreign born that any of them may at any time be punished for any crime, regardless of innocence.

Mrs. Weller and I feel *obliged* to tell this story because it is seldom that social workers of twenty-seven years' experience have an opportunity to study out so thoroughly such a common example of American legal processes. Our sole interest is that of American lovers of justice. We have spent many days and evenings tracing out every feature of the story.

* * *

Near "The Ten Commandments," a row of tenements, in Ripley Place, Elizabeth, N. J.—where Portuguese and Spanish youths have been much picked upon by Americans—Edward Harrigan received a slight cut over his shoulder blade as a result of Hallowe'en pranks played on a Portuguese.

Several days later about 3 A. M., in a Portuguese lodging house, Harrigan picked Joseph Rodrigues as probably his assailant.

Agustinho Gomes—who neighbors say struck the blow—left Elizabeth suddenly on the day when Rodrigues was arrested, leaving his week's board unpaid for the first time in three months, and withholding information as to his subsequent whereabouts. Two friends of Harrigan, one American, one a well-Americanized Spaniard, testified that they saw Gomes strike the blow and run away. A fellow boarder of Gomes—in the same house where Rodrigues lives but on a separate floor—saw Gomes come in, excited and breathing heavily, just after the time when the assault occurred.

Eight or ten fellow lodgers of Rodrigues testified that Rodrigues was eating his supper and taking a lesson on the mandolin until after the time when all witnesses agree that the cutting took place. Rodrigues is unanimously reported to be a young man of good character, sober, inoffensive, industrious, never previously in trouble.

It was after dark, in the middle of a poor street that the fight happened. There was no strong emotion to etch the assailant's face clearly upon the American's mind. Harrigan's mother merely chanced to glance out of the window before any trouble occurred—yet she testified that she saw and clearly identified Rodrigues standing near his brother's little store. Eddie and the boys were only fooling and Eddie did not even know he had been cut until a few minutes after the affray. They testified that they had seen and known Rodrigues as a

neighbor for many months—but they did not name him to the police. Instead, they asked the neighbors who it might have been who did the cutting and told the neighbors, some of them, that they did not themselves know who did it.

In two or three crowded lodging houses, at 3 A. M., Eddie and one of his chums looked at many Portuguese who "all looked alike" to the policeman. What more natural than to select as the probable assailant the one whose face was most familiar, having been seen occasionally for many months and possibly emphasized as the brother of the store keeper?

Once selected as the probable assailant, the identification of Rodrigues naturally grew stronger in the minds of Harrigan and his chums as the police court, grand jury, and prosecutor drilled them in the legal requirements of a yes or no answer without qualifications.

A self-justifying story also developed, namely, that Mary F——— was talking with the three youths when Rodrigues called her something like "Fongula"; she thereupon went indoors while Harrigan immediately followed Rodrigues to the middle of the street, demanded an apology, swung at him with his fist, and was struck with a knife. But Mary denied hearing anything said to or about her; she saw no Portuguese at all; she merely went indoors, after five minutes' idle talk, unconscious of any trouble.

Although the complainant's story was thus proven false in this and in two less important features, it was not allowed to produce even that "Reasonable Doubt" of Rodrigues' guilt which is supposed to prevent anyone's conviction.

Apparently this was because of deep, ignorant general prejudices against the foreign born and especially against the latest newcomers, the Portuguese and Spanish. For example, the Assistant Public Prosecutor, who tried the case, in the weighty final talk to the jury, told them they could easily judge between the credibility of the Americans and that of the Portuguese whose insincerity he had shown by asking them familiar questions like "Where do you work?" and then finding them unable to respond to more complicated inquiries—which showed, he said, that they had pretended to know less English than they really knew.

The Judge in his charge to the jury seemed to follow the Prosecutor by saying that the jury, required to choose between two sets of witnesses, could decide for themselves whether the fellow countrymen of the defendant were so much to be believed when the defendant had a self-interest at stake to prompt him and his friends. The Judge emphasized the undoubtable character of the identification of Rodrigues because, he said, the Harrigans had seen and known him familiarly for a good while as a neighbor. He spoke of the alleged insult to Mary F. without realizing apparently that Mary had refuted that common appeal to prejudice and American chivalry. He mentioned self-defense as a possible plea but explained that the pocket knife was out of proportion to the fist with which Harrigan had perhaps threatened the defendant. "Reasonable Doubt" received very little clear discussion. Altogether, after the Prosecutor and the Judge had instructed the jury, we felt quite sure they would vote "guilty" —as they did, but recommending mercy.

Unfamiliar with legal machinery, we were surprised, shocked and pained by the trial and by subsequent conferences with the Judge, Assistant Prosecutor and Prosecutor. For example, our suggestions to the Judge were impatiently brushed aside with such assertions as that the Spanish (Rodrigues is Portuguese) had been shown by all history to be an inferior people; that punishment of Rodrigues might help to teach his fellow countrymen not to carry knives and not to live in segregated groups; that our pleas for a new trial or a suspended sentence were doing more harm than good because we were encouraging the foreigners to believe themselves unjustly treated; that a sworn confession from Gomes (which we offered to go to a reported address in Rhode Island to secure) would have no effect—because a foreigner, at a safe distance, would swear to anything to save a fellow countryman. "If the Portuguese know who did the crime, let them produce him, nothing else will have any effect." (But, when we had apparently located Gomes, we were told that there was no legal way of forcing his return, except through possible indictment by the Grand Jury at its next meeting three months later.)

The Assistant Prosecutor, in our discussions after the trial, said: "So would you say *anything* to win your case." The Prosecutor justified the ignoring of Portuguese testimony, because whenever a foreigner is on trial, he said, a lot of his fellow countrymen come to prove him innocent.

If American legal machinery is unjust in such a case, why not improve the machinery? Why should the public pay an able Prosecutor and leave an ignorant poor man to pay his own lawyer—and to pick up, as did Rodrigues, an inexperienced young high school graduate who could not draw out convincingly the essential points?

If a public Prosecutor must be employed, why not a public Defender—equally able and zealous? If the cost would seem prohibitive, why not cut down the present expenditures for some of the court officials who appear each to have only a small fraction of any real task?

Is there not some economy and improvement possible even in the jury system—which now means untrained minds easily victimized by the subterfuges of clever lawyers?

Why should legal technicalities prevent such testimony as we begged leave to give as to the background of prejudice and persecution from which the Rodrigues case sprang, as to the reports of neighborhood people who could not appear at the trial, and as to the conviction among many Portuguese and Spanish that the wrong man had been seized? (And, is it not almost as bad for several Americans to attack one foreigner —which has frequently happened here—as for the lone foreigner to defend himself with his pocket knife?)

Why should not qualified answers, probabilities and opinions be heard—and considered for what they are worth? Why should no one but a lawyer be allowed to discuss the human probabilities of such a case and the reasonable, harmonizing interpretation of apparently conflicting evidence?

Why should not such a case be conducted as an inquiry instead of a fight? Should not a Court of Justice inquire into disputed questions in the spirit and method of open-minded investigation? If this would actually cost any more in time and salaries, why not economize by reforming the present cumbersome, slow, unresponsive, ineffective court procedure which involves a shocking waste of many persons' time and working powers?

Ought not more real weight to be given to the two fundamentals, "Reasonable Doubt" and "Everyone to be presumed innocent until proven guilty"?

Why enthrone ancient forms of legal procedure? Why deify Judge and Prosecutor so that they may easily grow to feel that their snap judgments of human nature are inspired, their prejudices wisdom, their hardening in legal ruts an indication of superior understanding, their inclination to be just, a guarantee that they cannot be unjust—and that therefore the case has surely had a fair trial?

Why should the only legal appeal from Rodrigues' conviction be made impossible for him because of its costing several hundred dollars?

Why tolerate conditions such that many lawyers seem to rest contentedly in their general conviction that "American justice is hit or miss, not to be counted upon" and that "justice has to be bought; better buy it as cheaply as possible by pleading 'non vult' "—which means, it appears, to plead guilty in order to buy a light sentence by saving trouble and expenses for the court.

Sincerely submitted to Public Opinion by
(Signed) CHARLES F. WELLER,
EUGENIA W. WELLER,
Executives, Community Service—
Elizabeth, New Jersey. the League of Neighbors.

A Correction

Stanford University, California,
February 21, 1923.

My dear Editor:

Referring to a note by Miss Trask in a recent number of UNITY, permit me to say that neither I nor Robert Young, so far as I remember, ever used the word *duty* in connection with any war. That is the reporter's version. On the other hand, we recognize that the time to fight against war is before it is brought on. Once started, the only way out is forward and it is not possible either to backfire or sidestep. As human nature and patriotism go, it must run on to end in victory or defeat and it doesn't matter much which, as a rule.

Very truly yours,
DAVID STARR JORDAN.

A Modern Tragedy

UNITY.

Gentlemen:—May I tell you how much pleased I was with your editorial in a recent number, about the closing of the Public Forum (Inc.), of the Church of the Ascension.

In the annals of the modern church it was certainly a tragedy. With kind regards, etc.

LUCY F. GRANT.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

AN APPEAL.

March 5, 1923.

I have learned from Miss Marga Lammasch (Rue Plantamour 3, Geneva, Switzerland), daughter of the great Austrian authority on international law, Dr. Heinrich Lammasch, one of the most eminent victims of the aftermath of war, that in her city of Salzburg, in Austria, there are over six hundred old people being fed by their neighbors and dependent with their neighbors on the charity of the world. Any help,—even a small sum,—which may be given them, should be sent in a draft on Switzerland or England payable to Miss Lammasch and registered.

Very truly yours,
DAVID STARR JORDAN.

SUMMARY OF DECLARATIONS ON SOCIAL JUSTICE

By the Central Conference of American Rabbis, 1920-1922

In view of the chaotic conditions obtaining in the industrial world and the confusion in public opinion regarding proper norms and standards of industry, the Central Conference of American Rabbis desires to state briefly the conclusions arrived at in recent years by the great body of liberal Rabbis who constitute its membership.

(1) The Conference recognizes the right of Labor to organize and to bargain collectively through representatives of its own choosing in order to secure its rights at the hands of employers. It calls upon Labor as well as Capital to exhaust all the resources of peaceable settlement before resorting to the strike or lockout. It maintains that the welfare of the public should take precedence over the interests of any class or classes.

(2) The Conference condemns any and all violations of Law and all defiance of constituted authority, and declares its faith in the adequacy of the peaceful Constitutional processes by which changes may be brought about. At the same time, the Conference asserts the right of all citizens to strive for changes in the Law and to protest against abuses of power and of Constitutional rights. It declares its abhorrence of all interference, whether by private citizens or by officials, with the exercise of freedom of speech, oral or written, and of freedom of assemblage, both of which are guaranteed by the Constitution. And it further condemns the use of private police under the guise of and in the capacity of public administrators of the Law as tyrannical and conducive to injustice and violence.

(3) The Conference holds that the following industrial norms are axiomatic: the eight-hour day as the maximum for all industrial workers; a compulsory one-day-of-rest in seven; regulation of industrial conditions to secure for all workers a safe and sanitary working environment; abolition of child-labor; adequate workingmen's compensation for industrial accidents and occupational diseases and provision for the contingencies of unemployment and old age.

(4) The Conference views with dismay the attempt on the part of some employers in the period of post-war deflation to break down industrial standards which are essential to the well-being of the employee. It recognizes that the changed economic conditions require numerous readjustments of wages without any diminution of production. But there are standards in the industrial world, which after years of effort and struggle, have been established as necessary for human welfare. The Conference condemns any decrease of wages to a point lower than is consistent with a proper standard of living for the worker and his family, and any increase in the length of the working day beyond that which has been accepted as the maximum. The Conference urges all leaders of industry to maintain these just and humane standards both as a matter of justice and as a condition of industrial peace.

(5) The Conference advocates that the National, State and Municipal authorities create free employment bureaus, the operation of which shall be co-ordinated and standardized in a thorough-

Anti-War Psychology

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have read UNITY now for a little more than a year, and so have had all the editorials and articles against war and the war psychology. They have gripped me as by instinct. I have felt that killing each other never brought us anywhere, though I am sorry to say when the call came from our overlords I have "patriotically"? entered into the fray.

But of all the anti-war articles that I have read none have made such a deep and great impression upon me than that most remarkable article or rather a great sermon in the March number of the *American* entitled "This man trained Strongheart, the wonderful dog," an account of how "Larry Trimble" (with his anti-fear, call it anti-war psychology) trained all kinds of wild beasts. And he says "You can get along with *human beings* just as you get along with animals. *If you apply the same methods, you will get the same results.* Mr. Holmes, and the rest of you preachers and teachers, this *Animal Trainer* "has got you all beat a mile." He not only says the same thing you are preaching, but *proves it.* Whatever lingering doubts I personally have had are now swept away. If the wildest of beasts will respond to the non-fear and kindness method it is an absolute certainty that human beings will. With regards and best wishes, I remain,

Yours very truly,
LOUIS A. BREGGER.

Bangor, Michigan.

What the French Ought to Do in Germany

I fear that a large volume of American public opinion goes with what the French Government is doing in Germany. "Good Christians" are apt to set justice—that is, their notion of justice—above humanity; and when we question what is justice, they travel off on side issues and arrive nowhere. After a war moral confusion prevails. Did ever a war leave the victors in a sanely balanced state of mind? The victors become prone to the same arrogance which they detested in their enemy and sought to punish. The mischief is that arrogant people are never able to see themselves as others see them. Now, the bacillus of arrogance is all abroad in the United States.

Let us square away from ground where we differ and find a place where we agree. There is room for plenty of difference of judgment in regard to the percentage of blame which the different governments of the world ought to bear for the war. There has been no fair trial as yet with honest wish to find the truth. Let us be modest as to what we know of the blameworthiness of the parties to the war. We all do know what the world now needs more than anything else. It needs just the opposite temper to what many of our newspapers express in their editorials. I say this in no harshness of judgment, for I know how often the impatient spirit gets the better of us. It is an ugly spirit and we can never see straight or give wise counsel when we have it. It simply catches us and trips us up.

Now kindly people actually advise France to maintain this hard temper which she has used towards Germany ever since peace was declared, and from which people are suffering everywhere, and to follow it to its grim consequences—hate and more hate, and cruelty, not least of all to women and children, and sooner or later war. For what possible good?

I advise the French to do the exact opposite to what is now making pain and ruin. I advise them instead of beating the Germans in the severity of their conditions to beat them in magnanimity. I advise them to conduct themselves toward Germans as they would have had Germany behave towards them after their frivolous Louis Napoleon had marched them into Bismarck's trap in 1870. I advise them to remember how humane men resented the big indemnity—a billion dollars—which France was made to pay and that they have already taken several times that sum from the Germans. I advise the Allies to stop expecting what never was in history—that a great nation in the hands of an angry enemy shall humble itself in the dust and beg for forgiveness. I advise the Allies to consider that we are all "of one blood," and no nation among us so void of offense as to dare to throw the first stone at another. In short, I advise for everyone the use of our best temper instead of our worst towards the other man and the other people. For nothing else can possibly work in this hard, practical world. How do I dare to advise this? I only dare in the faith that what I have to advise myself every day is only what the best self in other men tells them is true.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

1046 *Green street, Honolulu.*

going manner; and it further advocates that a co-operative study of Unemployment Insurance be undertaken by Labor, Industry and Government with a view to evolving a plan of Insurance which will protect Labor in periods of enforced idleness.

(6) The Conference declares its abhorrence of lynching and denounces all who participate in and abet this brutal practice. It advocates legislation which shall make lynching a Federal offense.

The complete statements, of which the above is a summary, may be found in the Year Books of the Conference, or may be had in pamphlet form; write the Secretary, Rabbi I. E. Marcuson, Macon, Georgia.

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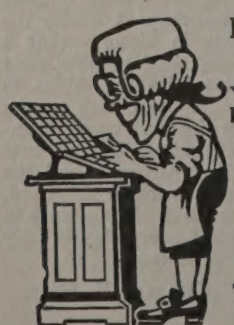

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